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Old White Hart Tavern, Bishopsgate-st.



Few parishes of the metropolis contain so many relics of London in the Olden Time, as that of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, in which till very recently stood the subject of the above engraving. The old church, it appears, escaped the fire of 1666, and stood on the very brink of the Tower Ditch. Here also was "Petty France," so called from "divers Frenchmen dwelling there. Houndsditch and Spittlefields are in this parish, and in the same neighbourhood is Crosby House, notorious as the lodging of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and said to have once been the highest house in London. In this parish also stood the Hospital of St. Mary, Bethlehem, the locality of which, as well as of the Old White Hart, will be illustrated by the following passage from Stow:—

"Next unto the parish church of St. Botolph was a *saire Inne* for receipt of *travellers*; then an Hospital of Saint Mary of Bethlehem, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sherifes of London, in the *yeere* 1246. He founded it to have bene a Priory of Canons, with Brethren and Sisters; and King Edward the Third granted a protection

(which I have scene) for the Brethren, *Militia beata Maria de Bethlem*, within the Citie of London, the 14 yeere of his reigne. It was an Hospitall for distracted people. Stephen Gennings, merchant taylor, gave £46. toward purchase of the patronage, by his Testament, 1525. The Maior and Communnalty purchased the patronage thereof, with all the Lands and Tenements thereunto belonging, in the yeere 1546."

The "*saire inne*," mentioned in the preceding extract, stood upon the site of the above White Hart. Pennant states that none of the original building was left; indeed, from the date on the front being 1480, the inn would not appear to have been an adjunct or part of the priory, as has been supposed,* but

* Bethlehem Hospital was removed from this spot to the southern side of Moorfields, where it was rebuilt in the reign of Charles II. At that time it must have had a very fine effect from the fields, then the constant resort of the Londoners, whose prospect extended to Islington. *Finbury Fields* were once celebrated for Archery; and in the year 1628, was published by James Partridge, "*Aim for Finbury Archers, or an Alphabetical Table of the names of every mark within the Fields.*" Many of our readers, doubtless, re-

to have been built in the reign of Richard III.

During the past year (1829) the old building has been taken down, and on its site the inn has been rebuilt in a style of architectural elegance quite equal to the importance attached to taverns in our times: the new building forming the angle of Liverpool Street.

Somewhat lower down the street, on the same side, is the residence of Sir Paul Pindar, now occupied as a liquor shop. The original owner was one of the richest merchants of his time, and, like many other good subjects, was ruined by his conscientious attachment to Charles I. An old house, still remaining in Half Moon Street, running from Bishopsgate Street towards Long Alley, and distinguishable by its raised figures upon the front, was, according to tradition, that of Sir Paul Pindar's gardener.

Pennant relates a few anecdotes of the worthy knight:—

"This great and wealthy merchant was early distinguished by that frequent cause of promotion, the knowledge of languages. He was placed apprentice with an Italian master, travelled much, and was appointed ambassador to the Grand Seignior by James I. in which office he gained great credit by extending the English commerce in the Turkish dominions. He brought over with him a diamond valued at £30,000.; the king wished to buy it on credit: this the sensible merchant declined, but favoured his majesty with the loan on gala days; his unfortunate son became the purchaser. Sir Paul was appointed farmer of the customs by James, and frequently supplied that monarch's wants, as well as those of his successor. He was esteemed worth £236,000. exclusive of bad debts, in the year 1639. His charities were very great; he expended £19,000. in the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was ruined by his connection with this unfortunate monarch, and if I remember rightly, underwent imprisonment for debt. It is said that Charles owed him and the rest of the old commissioners of the customs £300,000.; for the security of which, in 1643, they offered the parliament £100,000. but the proposal was rejected. He died August 22, 1650, aged 84. He left his affairs in such a perplexed state, that his executor, William Toomes, unable to bear the disappointment, destroyed himself, and most

collect the pulling down of Old Bethlem, and the building of the New Hospital in St. George's Fields.

deservedly underwent the ignominy of the now almost obsolete verdict of *fel-de-se.*"

Sir Paul was a liberal benefactor to the poor, as the parish books amply prove. He must too have been an excellent neighbour; for among his gifts we read of "a pie to the parishioners, for some of their public dinners;" again, "given Sir Paul's cook, who brought the pastie, 2s. 6d.;" "paid, (which was spent at the Dolphin), when Sir Paul gave the venison, for flowre, butter, pepper, eggs, making and baking, as by bill, 19s. 7d." He often furnished "the parish venison;" yet the churls, according to Malcolm, "after all the venison he sent them, made him pay for a license for eating flesh, for three years past, 2l." The honours at his funeral were very great, for the people in their curiosity to have a last look at the enclosure of his ashes, broke "windows," for "mending" which was charged, "by bill, 16s. 2d."

It would be ungrateful to forget so substantial a benefactor as Sir Paul, and his old residence is accordingly known by the sign of "the Sir Paul Pindar." His portrait was formerly over the door, but has lately disappeared; and *stat nominis umbra*. We saw an *omnibus* at the door, and this upset all our meditations on Sir Paul's hospitality; yet as Malcolm observes, "old and decayed as his house now is, may it be preserved for many years in veneration to this good Samaritan!"

SPIRIT'S SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

"She died in early youth,
Ere life had lost its rich romantic hues."
DIBCE, BY "DELTA."

WITHOUT a wing I soar away,
And leave behind the starry world;
And on me pours a flood of day
From the great fount of brightness hurli'd.

What glorious scenes, for ever new,
Are spreading, far and wide, around me;
And bursting on my dazzled view,
Heaven's blest inhabitants surround me.

From countless harps, what music swells!
The soul of harmony is there:
Awhile around its sweetness dwells,
Then rises on th' ambrosial air.

Still rising, let me join the song,
That from the myriad hosts ascended;
My humble offering pour along,
To be with strains angelic blended.

That distant world I scarce can see
Where late I liv'd and breath'd a day:
A little day—for soon from me,
Its sunny morning past away.

And I have left, for ever left,
Its fleeting sorrows, tears, and smiles;
Its golden hopes, how soon bereft
Its dear deceivings and its wiles.

Yet lovely were its skies of blue,
Green, sunny hills and vales beneath;
But ever-changing were its hues,
And fading flowers were in the wreath.

I lov'd, and was belov'd again!
And friends I had, and friendships gave:
Not mine affection's severed chain,
Its garlands flourish o'er my grave.

Oh yes! for o'er that grassy mound,
Fond tears were shed from friendship's eye;
And love, with footsteps thither bound,
Wept 'till woe's very fount was dry.

At dewy morn, at dusky eve.
I've hovered near and mark'd their sorrow;
And wondered why they e'er could grieve
My entrance on this glorious morrow.

Dry, dry your eyes, ye weeping few,
Who wander near my grassy bed!
Or falling soft, as evening dew,
May Time his healing on you shed.

And raise from that dark earth your vision,
To this bright peopled home of mine;
Where Faith has found her full fruition,
Beyond the fading scenes of Time.

Kirton, Lindsey.

ANNE R.

THE TWO HERVEYS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERMIT me to correct a material error in the biographical sketch relative to Dr. J. Hervey, said to be taken from Colman's *Random Records*, No. 416, page 140, of the *Mirror*.

It was the Rev. James Hervey, Rector of Weston Favell, who wrote the *Meditations*, and not Dr. J. Hervey, Registrar of the College of Physicians, with whom and his brother William, nephews to the author abovenamed, I was schoolfellow under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Green, about sixty-five years ago.

Availing myself of this opportunity, I subjoin an Epigram more laconic, and with more point than the one inserted as above, from my friend Mr. B., a quondam member of the *crack-club*, held at the Black Dog, for tickling the palates of which, Peter would exert his utmost gastronomic powers.

A small error of the press appears in No. 417, page 160, article, *Pastry*—it should be Kidder, not Hidder; his shop was at the corner of Furnival's Inn Court; his work, a thin octavo, is in my possession; the whole is engraved on copper.

Z.

Epigram.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish,
To please in separate stations,
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other *Meditations*:
Each had his pungent power applied
To aid the dead and dying;
This relishes a sole when fried,
That saves a soul from frying.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY G. COLMAN.

HISTORY OF GREEK FIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

JAMES PETTIT ANDREWS, F. A. S. in his *History of Great Britain*, says, "A. D. 882, the Saracens of Crete sent a navy to assault Constantinople. Nicetas, the high admiral of the Eastern empire, attacks and utterly defeats them, burning twenty of their ships by *Greek Fire*." At the celebrated siege of Acre, which lasted two years, 1190 and 1191, both parties made use of the "*Greek Fire*;" a diabolical species of flame, which burnt the fiercer for the application of water. The idea which the French knights formed of this destructive fire, seems to have been almost unutterable. "Each man, (said Gauthier de Cariel, an old and experienced warrior,) should throw himself on his elbows and knees when that fire is thrown, and beseech the Lord (who alone can help him) to avert the dreadful danger." This counsel was practised by Phillip himself, who as often as he heard the Greek Fire discharged in the night, raised his body from the bed, and with uplifted hands, prayed "Lord preserve my people! Beau sire," &c. Joinville, a gallant officer who was present, thus describes the Greek Fire:—"It was thrown from a 'Petraie.' It was as large as a barrel of verjuice, had a flaming tail like a broad sword, made a report like thunder, and appeared like a dragon flying through the air; giving such a light that, in the camp at midnight, one might see as well as at noon day." G. de Vinesauf, a brave and learned French baron, thus expresses his horror at this destructive pest:—"This fire has a most fetid smell with livid flames, and consumes even flints and iron. Water quenches it not; sand checks its force; but vinegar alone can extinguish it."

"To complete the story of the Greek Fire," says Andrews, "we will forestall the order of time: Phillip of France, finding a quantity of this odious ammunition ready prepared at Acre, took it with him to Europe, and merely made use of it (so says Pere Daniel) against the fleet of England at Dieppe." It was afterwards used in France, and one

Gaubert, of Mant, gained the secret of making it; but with him it expired. In 1380, the warlike Bishop of Norwich and his army in Flanders suffered great annoyance from a composition of this inflammatory kind. And it is asserted by the most diligent of antiquaries, Grose, "that a chymist still enjoys an annuity from government on condition of keeping secret a composition of the same destructive class." This species of fire is perhaps very ancient. In the history of the Goths, Procopius speaks of an infernal mixture, called "Medea's Oil," which had much the same properties. And the Kilan Tartars are said to have introduced it to China, in 917, under the name of "The oil of the Cruel Fire." P. T. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

HERE is a little batch of humour and frolic from the second volume of *Angelo's Reminiscences*. The writer it will be recollected, was the most celebrated fencing-master of his day. His book is real gossip and amusement.]

INCLEDON AND MUNDEN.

AT Mat. Williams' coffee-house, Bow-street, once a week, there was a public dinner, on the Saturday, when some of the performers usually took the chair. This was not *un jeu de théâtre*, but *un jeu de cabaret*, a trap for country gentleman to see actors off the stage. Incledon, who happened to be president one day, found great fault with the wine, and though by his order it was often changed for better, he was always dissatisfied, at the same time boasting what very fine wine he had in his cellar, "bin No. 2," brandishing in his hand his nectar key, as he called it. My friend Munden, who sat next to him, when he put it into his coat pocket, whilst he was singing, adroitly took it out, and leaving the room, forwarded it to Mrs. Incledon, by a person whom he could trust, with a message to deliver to the bearer six bottles of the old Port wine, bin No. 2. When the man returned, Mat. Williams, who was in the secret, brought up one of the bottles himself, and said he hoped the company would find it better, he had only six bottles of *that* wine in the house. Incledon still persisted that it was worse than any of the others. The joke continued till the last bottle made its appearance, when a bumper was drunk to the president, as donor of the last six bottles, not a little to his astonishment, as may be imagined.

As I was walking one night with Theodore Hook from the play, passing along Coventry-street, a sewer was being repaired at the time. Several men with lighted candles were below, at a considerable depth, and were busily employed at work. At the top was a railing over the cavity where they descended, and a crowd standing round. Theodore Hook, not preferring to make any inquiries of them, had placed his head over the rails, calling out, "What are you about? What are you looking for?" when those at the bottom, much engaged, and not willing to answer his repeated calls, replied, "We are looking for a seven-shilling-piece, which perhaps you want more than we do," to the no small amusement of the bystanders.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE last time I was at Eton College, I visited Mrs. Raganeau, who kept one of the first boarding-houses in the place; she informed me that the Duke of Wellington, when he took Lord Douro and his brother there, having boarded himself in the same house, and when looking over his bedroom, after making a number of inquiries, was very desirous to go into the kitchen, and there, to the astonishment of every one, pointed out to them where he had cut his name on the door. Such a valuable memento in a kitchen, (if remaining still there) must be gratifying to the lady of the house, and I should think would far better become a frame in the parlour.

THE WIG.

SOME years ago, when debating societies were the rage, I was occasionally in the habit of attending them, and remember being present at a very riotous one, when a mischievous wag, snatching off the president's wig, ran off into the street, threw it away, and cried "stop thief!" The company followed, the watchman rattled, and the president, wandering in search of his property, was taken up for stealing *his own wig*, and passed the rest of the night in the watch-house.

AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

AT the time I attended at the Charter House, a gentleman, who had called there to see his son, remained some time in the school-room whilst I was giving a lesson, and seemed to eye me very much. When I had finished, he said to me, "It is a long time, Mr. Angelo, since we last met." Not having the least recollection of his person,

I requested the favour of his name, when he mentioned our fighting at Eton, and that, after a long battle, I had beaten him. "Then," I replied, "you must be Dick Harding." This must have been more than fifty years previous to the time when he mentioned the circumstance.

PETER PINDAR'S FEELINGS.

DOCTOR WOLCOT told me, that, when a boy, he was serving his time at an apothecary's shop in Jamaica, and that when pounding in a brass mortar, it so far hurt his feelings, that before his apprenticeship expired, he ran away; for the noise it made continually put him in mind of the poor patients, it was always "Kill'em again! kill'em again!"

FINE TASTE.

I CANNOT avoid mentioning an anecdote that a duke (to whom I made my obeisance on lately meeting him in Bond-street) related to me some years ago on his return from Italy. "When I was at Naples, Sir William Hamilton had a casino at Portici, some little distance from Mount Vesuvius, as he was in the habit of approaching the crater as near as he could venture. He often took up his residence there expressly for that purpose, and was engaged on one occasion that had particularly attracted his attention. I was left alone to dine with Lady Hamilton and her mother, who had followed her from England. In the course of conversation, after dinner, when speaking of the excellence of the lacryma christi, a famous Italian wine, the mother ejaculated, "Oh! as how I had but some English gin here!" The duke who luckily had taken some with him, directly forwarded his servant to his hotel at Naples for it. At his return, the *madre*, delighted with the *vero gusto*, by her frequent tasting did not a little convince his grace of the improvement the juniper berry had upon the vulgar tongue (in which she particularly excelled,) and the glass increasing, she said, "she had not never enjoyed the *good creature* (gin) since she left England; it was far betterer than all your outlandish wines."

COUNT DIP.

THE first time I saw Holman the performer was when at school, in Soho-square, at the Rev. Dr. Barvis's. Hamlet was the character. It was the Christmas holidays: there was afterwards a dance in the school-room. A young lady, whom I knew, was there,

and boasted very much that she had danced with a handsome young man, a French nobleman, *Count Dip*, and that he spoke English as if he had been born in England; but when I told her who it was she had danced with, though before she was enraptured with his figure, and seemed quite captivated with him, she instantly changed her tone, and said she was shocked at having danced with such a plebeian, "Ah! le bourgeois affreux." The nobleman alluded to was a Mr. Sherwin, commonly called Count Dip, the son of a tallow-chandler, at the time living in Drury-lane, a few doors from Long-acre. Sherwin was a great favourite with the ladies; and though his manners might have discovered him to some, it was not so with all the ladies. My acquaintance was one who had not found him out. My friend (as far as acquaintance goes) had an excellent voice, and being a pleasant companion, he was welcome in most companies, *au cabaret*, where singing and late hours were the order of the night, especially at the Brush, in Long-acre, a club that originated in the time of Hogarth, and the coach-painters, as well as Alexander Stephens (a character well known there by his songs, and like Captain Morris in some of them.)

At that time, Darling, printseller, Newport-street, St. Martin's-lane, had his print-shop full of humorous caricatures of the day (I shall not say dandies—we knew of no such word then.) Count Dip, the tallow-chandler; Watts, the butcher—"Watt's you want—Watt's you buy?"—Prior, the builder—prior to all the macaronies; Lord Cork (I forget his name, but the same shop is at this time existing in Piccadilly,) a cork-cutter; the Master of the Rolls, a baker, in Down-street, Hyde Park-corner. These were the bourgeois macaronies, a term given then to the queer characters of the day; something being written under, to allude to the person exposed to ridicule. Nor did the men of fashion escape, Lord Littleton, &c. At the time, having some quizzical ideas myself, and sketching, occasionally, those whose singularity excited my attention, I exhibited several in the shops, particularly Soubise, the black, protected by the Duchess of Queensbury; Old Laurington, of Windsor, who kept the billiard-table, well known to the Etonians of that period; when many an evening, five minutes before the time of absence at the boarding-houses, at the hour of eight (so called,) then in the middle of a game, I have got in time to college, to

avoid being flogged the next morning, for my non-appearance. These, then, were the caricature efforts of my juvenile days.

MACKLIN.

I SHOULD think it must have been the last time that Macklin performed the part of Shylock, when, his memory failing him, he stood for a long time speechless. After a long pause, the audience becoming out of patience, a general hissing ensued, regardless of his old age—then approaching to ninety. Not being able to proceed, he retired. I was in the pit, near to the orchestra, and was hurt to see the old man come forward on the stage; in one hand holding a candle, and in the other a paper, which he read to the audience. I do not recollect the contents further than that he justified himself; Macklin brought an action against a lawyer, named Alderton, who had hissed him, and recovered damages; which, on his refusing to accept, the judge complimented him, saying, "Mr. Macklin, this is one of your best performances."

AWKWARD MISTAKE.

LORD PEMBROKE excelled in horsemanship, which was his daily amusement in his manège; he did not neglect the exercise of fencing, and by way of varying it, he had Henkley, a famous quarter-staff master. Henkley, in his opinion of his abilities and in his temper, was not like some French fencing-masters *politique* (servile,) whom I have known in this country, to put *de gina in dere pocate*, pocket the hits; not so this Robin Hood, who had often given his lordship a good thrashing. Desiring him (Lord Pembroke) in one of his lessons, to make a *full stroke* at his legs, at the same time prepared to guard them, Lord Pembroke made a full blow on his head, and laid him flat on the floor, leaving on it a purple memento of his mistake. The enraged master called out, "I said the legs!" when his lordship replied, "I thought you said the head; I see I never shall make any thing of this exercise, so I had better pay you for your lessons, and leave off."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LAY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

"She never told her Love."

A SIGH went floating on the breeze,
Freed from its fetter'd stay;
Then, like the wind o'er summer seas,
Died fitfully away:

A stifled sob of grief was heard,
A breath as from above;
She did not hush one lonely word,—
She never told her love!

Sighs are the treasur'd thoughts which rise,
Like perfume from the flower,
When the lorn spirit's broken ties
Leave grief for beauty's dow'r;
But oh! as bitterly they spring,
When maiden thoughts are wove,
Like hers, to joys which bless—yet wring,—
She never told her love!

A tear-drop glisten'd in her eye,
A gloom was on her brow,
And her young heart throbb'd tremblingly,
As leaves when storm-winds blow;
A sigh—a tear—twin marks of pain;
Were all her heart could prove,
Her soul's best chords were rent in twain,—
She never told her love!

She wept—how could she else but weep?
Tears bless the spirit's death,
And, when the frozen heart would sleep,
To brighter hours give birth:
She wept,—but dark thoughts still will cling,
As grief to joy were wove,
She yet must curb her spirit's wing,—
She never told her love!

Oh, love broods on in silence still,
More deep but from its rest,
Crowds cast a chain upon the will,
And chill the feeling's nest;
But oh, the heart's frank incense burns
More bright when still thoughts move,
And she—what throbs her breast inurns,—
She never told her love!

Perchance 'tis well. Affection's name
Scarce finds a place on earth,
And better thus to quench the flame,
Than chill its zeal by death:
Quench!—Canst thou bow the might of heav'n's?
There love in light doth move;
No, such as hers may ne'er be riv'n,—
She never told her love!

'Tis ever thus, hope twines a bow'r,
Which fades before the storm,
Whilst forms more cold resist its pow'r,
They shrink—the lov'd—the warm;
Love lingers but a moment's space,
The deep—as from above,
How could she dream such thoughts to trace?
She never told her love!

And she must die—so young—so fair,—
A wave upon the deep!
And few shall grieve her love so rare,
Few turn aside to weep:
Save when some youthful heart like mine,
A kindred flame doth prove,
And whispers o'er her memory's shrine,
"She never told her love!"

London University Magazine.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.

"There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sat he,
'And now,' he said, 'to you I'll tell
A dismal thing which once befell
To a ship upon the sea.'"

THE Rev. Cotton Mather, D.D. and F.R.S., an eminent clergyman of Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book, entitled "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," in which he has exhibited, not only his own, but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been, in the language of that period, exposed to "war from the invisible world," dur-

ing which the inhabitants were afflicted with demons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country, and sometimes another; and the object of the learned and Reverend Doctor's book, is to authenticate the very tragical instances in which they infested the houses, and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. "Flashy people," says he, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country, where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be true—nothing but the absurd and forward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing, that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena." And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England, during the time of Dr. Mather. He describes noises and hurtings heard in the air, a short time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disquisition concerning these omens and auguries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only premising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related.

A ship, called "Noah's Dove," was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for "Old England," when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for himself and her, as passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this handsome couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town; but until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the prestigious appearances of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons intending to revisit their friends in the old country, took passages also in the Noah's Dove; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it

would be as well to learn something of their two questionable fellow-passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Salem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel, from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last, the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen in Salem; and, moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharfs, to see their relations embark—all were sorrowful, and many in tears. At last, the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, alighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight, was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relations, to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fated vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment, (the ship being cast loose from her moorings), made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress, until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective homes; and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening, was saddened with presentiments and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wrack of clouds that careered in the heavens, was scarcely less tumultuous than the waves of the angry ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and

three nights, the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary it seemed to increase; for although it was then midsummer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire, and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of the Noah's Dove. Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be within the sweep and frenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their distraction.

The sun, on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendour—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows, from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt, convinced the pious citizens of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them with any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry, accompanied by a bustling movement, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of a rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some one cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she came distinctly in sight, for any wind which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel; inasmuch, that an old gray-headed sailor among the spectators, declared that it was impossible she could work into the harbour that night. But, to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yards squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the Noah's Dove.

By this time the twilight was much faded, but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her, and upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question, for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been there in the blaze of noon-day, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebbin, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behoved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm, which he himself began, repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

Whilst the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air; the ship at the same time came straight on into the harbour, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something dismal and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent. The stranger young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, riven by the lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

"Count me not," says the Rev. Dr. Mather at the conclusion of his narration, "struck with the Livian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestable proofs."

Blackwood's Magazine.

Pine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF PUNCH.

MORE than once or twice have we thrown together a few ideas of the *immaterialities of PUNCH*. His freaks are all epigrams, and he is an epitome of human life. Like the Opera, he came from Italy, yet his humour is more attractive than all the "fine stuff" of the King's Theatre. His cracked trumpet beats hollow the finest orchestra of

Rossini, and his sallies are worth the best witticisms of the best comedies. The story is better than all the versions of Cupid and Psyche ever produced on any stage; his quarrel with Judy is unequalled. Brutus and Cassius—Peachum and Locket—and Lord and Lady Townley—are but mouthy heroes compared with Punch and Judy. Sir Richard Steele, and the fine people of his day panegyricized Punch in the *Spectator*, where his merits are as highly told as are the rarities of the *vice-versa* menagerie of Waterloo Bridge, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

Mr. Haydon has, therefore, very properly thrown the humours of Punch and Judy into a fine picture. The painter is a man of very sensitive mind; for he tells us he has "endeavoured to bring into one moment, characters and passions, sorrows, and joys, hopes, and happinesses, such as happen daily in the same moment in life, and will continue to happen so, while 'this dim spot which men call earth' exists, and is peopled by beings, physically and mentally different, some by education, some by nature, and some by a combination of both." The artist's materials were at hand; and he could not walk along the New Road any day in the year without finding a touch for his pictures. But we will quote his description:—

"In the centre is an old farmer fresh from the country, with a rose in his bosom, heated from walking, his hat off to cool his head, and attended by his faithful sheep dog. Enchanted by the wit and humour of far-famed Punch, he regards his freaks with the credulity and simplicity of a true believer; one hand is up in utter astonishment. On his right is a London sharper, who, with genuine politeness, engages his attention, pointing out and explaining to the farmer the meaning of the two puppets, while a girl behind is sheltering an urchin, who, under the protection of her cloak, is picking the farmer's pocket of his pocket-book, which is imprudently too high out of his pocket, as well as the last number of Cobbett's *Address to the Farmers*. Right behind the farmer stands a sailor, who is puffing out the smoke of his pipe, and smiling at Punch. *Trafalgar* is printed in gold letters on the blue ribbon which encircles his straw hat. He is loose and lounging, and paying no regard to the lady who is coquetting by his side. It is intended to contrast the air of the sailor with the dignified, stately, self-command of a life-guardsmen behind him, a Waterloo hero; both sailor and soldier being a

fair representation of the respective noble services to which they belong.

"The object of attention, Punch, is beating his interesting wife for supposed levity of conduct! She entreats mercy; but Punch is inexorable. It is hoped that the malevolent but interesting grin, the blank but terrific stare, the hook nose and fierce expression of Punch's immortal face, have not been missed by the artist; while the helpless impotence with which he wields the club, being obliged to swing his whole body before he can strike with it, are touches of character and beauty, it would have been a pity equally to have overlooked.

"Below this interesting and animated couple are two boys, one looking intently up, and the other smiling at his little brother, (an infant,) whom the servant girl is jumping up, regarding the child all the time with serious anxiety lest he should leap out of her arms. Two young men of fashion on horseback are looking on, while at the moment Punch is playing his jests, the funeral of a sweet girl is passing towards Mary-le-bone Church, just as the wedding of another is coming from it; and sooty and his lady, with Jack-in-the-Green, in all the regular paraphernalia of a May-day, are burying their sorrows in glee, clatter, and dancing. Such is human life.

"Beneath the sailor is a street-sweeping little dog mimicking Punch with his broom. By his side the farmer's thorough-bred sheep dog is growling and curling himself up for a bark. In the left corner is one of the Punch show men, indifferent and callous to the scene; while an apple girl below, quite used to London and its varieties, is dozing over her table of fruit.

"Behind the horse-guardsmen is a High-street Police officer (Forster) with his hat up, and mace in hand, watching the urchin who is picking the farmer's pocket, and ready to pounce on him like a terrier-dog.

"The scene is laid in the New Road, near Mary-le-bone Church, and the buildings and church painted from sketches made on the spot.

"The new married couple are amiable, and anticipating, as they ought to be on entering a condition, which if happy, is the only evidence left us of lost Paradise, and if unhappy, a certain anticipation of undiscovered hell; the black servant behind is proud and glorious, the coachman slyly peeping at Punch—and the very lamp adorned with ribbons.

"The arms on the new married

couple's coach are three pierced hearts, and two anchors, with Cupid blowing bubbles form the crest."

The reader will perceive that *Punch* is of the same character as the *Mock Election* picture. Yet the subject is more familiar, and the humour will be more extensively appreciated. The best figure is, perhaps, the farmer: the wonder, and delight of his face are admirably expressed. Some over fastidious persons may think his credulity is overdrawn; yet, ask any sub-actor in a pantomime, and he will tell you that there is some simplicity abroad in spite of the rod and the steam engine. Next are the sailor and soldier—the height of the characteristic. The theatre and actors—*Punch* and *Judy*—are excellent; the child and nurse are just as the painter describes them; but the self-satisfied chuckle of the "street-sweeping little dog, mimicking *Punch* with his broom," is superior to the last group. Rags and shoeless feet—damp and cold—pelting showers, mud and snow—all these cares are forgotten in the moment of the little urchin's success. The carnival of the sweeps needs not our praise; for the reader may form some idea of the excellent burlesque which they add to the scene. The dingy finery and sooty glory—and the hoyden mirth—the sleek and plump-faced girl in crimson, with her brass bowl, need only be mentioned.

The bye-play of the picture, or the little game of cribbage between the sharper, the girl, and the pick-pocket urchin, and *Forster* the police-man, strengthens the incident and interest; and the carriage of the newly-married pair, and the funeral of the sweet girl, are vicissitudes almost too strong to look upon without giddiness. But the apple girl in the left corner of the painting is, perhaps, the loveliest association of nature and art among all the figures. Her dozing indifference and her shoeless feet are past all praise. The delighted leer of the coachman and footman of the newly-married pair is a fine contrast to the sleeping girl: although they might be expected brimful of joy at the happiness of the wedding, yet their delight at *Punch* and *Judy* is oozing out at every pore.

In the room are several others of Mr. Haydon's pictures—a few of them with the little trophy "sold," in the corner. His Gallery, for such a name the collection deserves, will doubtless be one of the most attractive of the season; for genius and sterling patronage should always go hand in hand.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA, AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

January, 1809.

THE preparations for embarking were completed on the morning of the sixteenth, and Sir John Moore gave notice, that, in case the enemy should not move during the day, the embarkation of the reserve should commence at four o'clock. The tranquillity of the armies remained undisturbed till noon, when the general, mounting his horse, rode off to visit the outposts. He had not proceeded far, when he received a report from General Hope, stating that the enemy's line were getting under arms; and a deserter who came in at the same moment confirmed the intelligence. He spurred forward. The piquets had already opened fire on the enemy's light troops, which were pouring rapidly down on the right wing. A heavy fire was shortly opened from the French battery on the height; the piquets were driven rapidly back; and four strong columns of the enemy, supported by a reserve, were observed descending the hill. Two of these—one emerging from a wood, the other skirting its edge—threatened the right of the position; another directed its march on the centre; and the fourth on the left. The two first of these columns advanced with rapidity, and, by a bold attack, at once carried the village of Elvina. Thus far successful, they endeavoured to turn the right of the position. It was defended by Lord William Bentinck's brigade, having the brigade of Guards in their rear. In order to prevent the success of this manœuvre, General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and take post on the right of the line.

Lord William Bentinck's brigade received the attack with firmness; and the fourth regiment, being thrown back *en potence*, met the enemy with a well-directed fire. The order was at length given to charge; and the forty-second and fiftieth regiments advanced to regain the village of Elvina. The ground around the village was so intersected by walls and enclosures as to prevent any general collision. A severe but irregular fight ensued, which terminated in the French being driven back with great loss. The fiftieth regiment, led by Major Napier, rushed into Elvina, and with

great gallantry drove out the enemy with the bayonet, and pursued them for some distance beyond it.

In the meanwhile, from some misapprehension, the forty-second had retired; and the enemy being reinforced, took advantage of that circumstance to renew the conflict. Elvina became again the scene of struggle; the forty-second, after a brief but animating address from the general, returned to the attack; and the Guards being brought up to their support, the enemy gave way.

It was at this period of the action that Sir John Moore received his death wound. He was engaged in watching the result of the contest about Elvina, when a cannon shot struck him on the breast and beat him to the ground. He raised himself immediately to a sitting posture, and continued with a calm gaze to regard the regiments engaged in his front. Captain Hardinge threw himself from his horse, and took him by the hand; then, observing his anxiety, he told him the forty-second were advancing, and on this intelligence his countenance was observed to brighten.

His friend Colonel Graham now dismounted, and from the composure of his features, entertained hopes that he was not even wounded; but observing the horrid laceration and effusion of blood, he rode off for surgical assistance.

Sir John Moore was removed from the field by a party of the forty-second. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword became entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but he stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is, I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Sir David Baird had previously been disabled by a severe wound; and the command of the army now devolved on General Hope.

In the meanwhile, all went prosperously in the field. The reserve pushed on to the right, and, driving back the enemy, continued advancing on their flank, overthrowing every thing before them. The enemy, perceiving their left wing to be exposed, drew it entirely back.

An attack made on the British centre, was successfully resisted by the brigades of Generals Manningham and Leith. The ground in that quarter being more elevated and favourable for artillery, the guns were of great service.

On the left, the enemy had taken possession of the village of Palavio on the road to Betanzos. From this a fire was still kept up by their troops, till Colonel Nichols, at the head of some companies

of the fourteenth, attacked it and beat them out.

Day was now fast closing; and the enemy had lost ground in all parts of the field. The firing, however, still continued, and night alone brought the contest to a close.

Thus ended the battle of Corunna. Let no man say that it was fought in vain, because it was attended with no result of immediate benefit to the victorious army. It gave a glorious termination to an inglorious retreat. It vindicated, in the eyes of Europe, the character of the army. It embalmed the memory of their commander in the hearts of his countrymen. It erased a dark stain from the military blazon of England. It gave to the world an imperishable proof, that, after a retreat of unexampled suffering and privation, the firmness of British troops remained unshaken. The courage of her sons was assayed by the ordeal of fire, and it is, and will be, the pride of England, that it came forth pure gold from the furnace.

While Sir John Moore was removing from the field, the expression of his countenance remained unchanged, and he gave utterance to no expression of pain. From this circumstance, Captain Hardinge gathered temporary hope that the wound might not be mortal, and expressed it to the dying general. Hearing this, he turned his head for a moment, and looking steadfastly at the wound, said, "*No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might gaze on the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he signified his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

On examination by the surgeons, the wound of Sir John Moore was at once pronounced to be mortal, and from increasing pain he could speak but with difficulty. Observing his friend Colonel Anderson by his bed, he asked if the French were beaten, and then said, "*You know, Anderson, I have always wished to die this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing. Say to my mother*"—Here his voice failed from agitation, and he did not again venture to name her. When his strength was fast waning, and little more than a glimmering of life remained, he said to Colonel Anderson, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice.*" After awhile, he pressed the hand of Colonel Anderson to his body;

and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

Thus fell Sir John Moore. Kind in feeling, generous in spirit, dauntless in heart—no man was more beloved; none more lamented. Other leaders have been more fortunate in life; none were ever more glorious in death. Whatever may have been the military errors of such a man, however little the cast and temper of his mind may have fitted him for the task he was called on to discharge, at a crisis of peculiar difficulty, what is there in this—what is there in any failing which even malice has ventured to charge on Sir John Moore, that England should quench her pride in so noble a son? Columns may rise to others, and temples and triumphal arches may consecrate a nation's gratitude in the memory of posterity to warriors of prouder fame and more brilliant achievement; but the name of Moore will not die. It will be loved and honoured in all after generations, and his memory will stand undimmed by time *κτῆμα εἰς αἰ.*

The night succeeding the action was passed in the embarkation of the troops. At ten o'clock they moved off the field by brigades, and marched down to Corunna. Major-General Beresford was posted with the rear-guard, on the lines fronting Corunna, to watch the motions of the enemy. Major-General Hill, with his brigade, was stationed on an eminence behind the town, ready to afford support to Beresford, if necessary. The embarkation proceeded rapidly during the night, and no attempt was made to molest the covering brigades. On the following morning, however, the enemy pushed forward a corps of light troops to the heights of St. Lucia, which commanded the harbour, and, planting a few cannon, fired at the transports. At three o'clock General Hill's brigade was withdrawn, and at night the rear-guard embarked without molestation from the enemy.

At twelve o'clock, on the night of the sixteenth, the remains of Sir John Moore were removed to the citadel of Corunna. He had often said, that, if killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell; and it was determined that the body should be interred on the rampart of the citadel. A grave was dug by a party of the ninth regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the body, without being undressed, was wrapt by the officers of his staff in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning,

the sound of firing was heard, and they feared that, in the event of a serious attack, they might be prevented from paying the last duties to their general.

The body was borne to the grave by the officers of his family; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; the corpse was covered with earth; and Sir John Moore "was left alone with his glory."

During the retreat to Corunna, his country sustained a severe loss in the death of Major-General Anstruther. No man had more honourably distinguished himself by zeal, gallantry, and talent. He died of inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to the extreme inclemency of the weather. His devotion to the service induced him to neglect the precautions and remedies his situation required; and he continued to perform his duty till approaching dissolution rendered further exertion impossible. When no longer able to mount his horse, he was placed in a carriage, and conveyed to Corunna. There he expired, amid the universal regret of his fellow-soldiers; and his remains were deposited in a grave on the ramparts, near that of his commander.

The campaign of Sir John Moore has perhaps given rise to greater differences of opinion than any other portion of the Spanish war. Almost every operation by which its progress was marked has been made to furnish matter for vehement and angry discussion. By one party, the combinations of the general have been indiscriminately lauded as a masterpiece of strategy; by another, the misfortunes of the army are considered to have solely originated in the vacillation and timidity of its leader. Friends have praised, enemies have abused, and both have at last rested in conclusions from which more unbiassed reasoners will probably feel inclined to dissent. The indiscriminating defenders of Sir John Moore are actuated by motives, generous though mistaken; his opponents, by somewhat more of personal and political prejudices, than can be made to comport with the character of disinterested and impartial inquirer after abstract truth.

But, thank Heaven! party spirit is not eternal, though truth is. Twenty years have passed since the retreat to Corunna; and the time has at length come, when it is possible to write with strict justice and impartiality of Sir John Moore. In doing so, there is no fear of derogating from his just and well-earned reputation. The fame of Moore is not, as the injudicious eulogies of his friends

would leave us to believe, a sickly and infirm bantling, which requires to be nursed and cockered into life by praise and puffery. The column of his honour rests, not on any single achievement of extraordinary genius, but on the broad pedestal of a life actively, zealously, and successfully devoted to his country's service—of a character marked by a singular combination of high and noble qualities, and of a death worthy of such a character and such a life.—*Gleig's Annals of the Peninsular War.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. NO. C.

[THE Hundredth Number, and yet full of vigour and research—after a quarter of a century, chequered by the political storms and controversies of the most troublesome times in history—truly, our friend of the blue and yellow wears well. The number before us is, perhaps, the best that has appeared for many months: there is no leaven in it—for every paper is full of interest—and we have penciled from each.]

ASTROLOGY AND PROPHECY.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON paid the penalty to human weakness on the subject of prophetic interpretations, to a degree that seems almost allied with the unfortunate eclipse of mind under which he suffered for a period. Yet nobody has more deprecated the unwarrantable presumption of the new sort of witchcraft which thus tampers with the dark sayings of God's word, and the secrets of futurity, "as if God designed to make them prophets." The ludicrous ill fortune that, wherever a mistake was possible, has attended these anticipations, is in itself their condemnation. Grave scholars, telling in this way the fortune of a kingdom, have made as little out of their materials as astrologers of the conjunction of the planets, or gipsies from the lines of the Sultan's hand. Charles the First is said to have consulted Lilly. He certainly did not get much by it. Our greatest speculators in prophecies were among our latest dabblers in astrology. If Mr. Irving and Mr. Varley were to be taken into the pay of government at present, and a Prophecy Department established at the Foreign Office, the success of the experiment would not long preserve them against the sceptical economy of Mr. Hume. However, if there is any foundation for a tenth-part of the positiveness of their predictions, the experiment ought certainly to be

made, both that the stars may not be found fighting against Sisera, nor Sisera fighting against the stars. An astrologer was formerly as necessary to a court, as a piper to a Highland chieftain. The University of Oxford seems to have employed its soothsayer up to enlightened days. Walton, treating of the Wottons, as of a family that seemed to be beloved of God, "who did speak to many of them in dreams," mentions, among sundry instances, "one short particular of Thomas Wotton, whose dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and in discovering things past." His son, the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, being at Oxford, "when the University treasury was robbed by some townsmen and poor scholars, his father wrote him a letter out of Kent, dated three days before it happened, which threw such a light into this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure."

Those successive "cobwebs to catch flies," which are annually suspended by our zealots on every road side, have been, for the chief part, most unmercifully smashed by the uncourteous contradiction of directly opposite events. The weavers of them, however, are above being deterred by the fatality which has thus reduced their per centage of plausible prognostications below the luck of Moore's Almanac in any ordinary year.

GIPSIES.

THERE seems no resisting the conclusion that the Gipsies are either Hindoo fugitives driven originally to emigration, or the remnants of native troops which were brought (probably by Tamerlane) from India, and left behind on his return.

TEA.

TEA is so little drunk in Germany, that it acts like medicine when taken by a native: and we have known persons in that country decline a cup of good bohea, with the excuse, "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

ENGLAND is the richest country in Europe, the most commercial, and the most manufacturing. Russia and Poland are the poorest countries in Europe. They have scarcely any trade, and none but the rudest manufactures. Is wealth more diffused in Russia and Poland than in England? There are individuals in

Russia and Poland, whose incomes are probably equal to those of our richest countrymen. It may be doubted whether there are not, in those countries, as many fortunes of eighty thousand a-year, as here. But are there as many fortunes of five thousand a-year, or of one thousand a-year? There are parishes in England, which contain more people of between five hundred and three thousand pounds a year, than could be found in all the dominions of the Emperor Nicholas. The neat and commodious houses which have been built in London and its vicinity, for people of this class, within the last thirty years, would of themselves form a city larger than the capitals of some European kingdoms.

(To be continued.)

A HINT TO MATCH-MAKERS.

It may not be always much amiss to employ a friend to buy one a shandrydan or a trotting pony, though even then a man had far better go about the bargain himself in a business-like way; but when the transaction regards a wife, pray keep the pen in your own hand, fold and seal with your own hand, put into the post-office even with your own hand, read the answer with your own eyes, and, beg your pardon, begin from the beginning with consulting your own seven senses, and your seven thousand fancies, and the innumerable thoughts and feelings resident all the year through in your brain and your heart—begin with liking, loving, longing, desiring, burning for one object, to you incomprehensibly different from all objects of the same name and nature—Woman—and end with suddenly pressing her, by moonlight, gas-light, or candle-light, or even sun-light, to your bosom, and beseeching her, by the pity in the heaven of her eyes, to promise, in due season, to become your wife. In all probability you will thus be happy in wedlock, and cut a respectable, or even shining figure in life, not only as a husband, but absolutely as a father. Your children will be all like you as so many peas—and your funeral will be attended by heaven knows how many scores of posterity all legitimately descended from your honourable loins. But if you employ an amanuensis—a secretary—a clerk, not only to write your proposal of marriage to your intended, but commission him to put his finger on the object proper for your choice—you have only to look along the “vista of your future years,” and ’tis shut up by that impressive temple—Doctors’ Commons.—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

INTERESTING PICTURE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

[We take to ourselves some blame for overlooking, or rather, for not before quoting a portion of an article on the Aboriginal Natives of Australia, contained in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. This paper is enriched from the valuable MS. Journal of Mr. Dawson, the late agent to the Australian Agricultural Company. Illustrative of some of their customs respecting the Dead we find the following affecting scene:—]

On reaching a place where I had established some sawyers, about four miles from the harbour, (Port Stephens,) I found that two of the wives of our imported servants had eloped with two emancipated convicts; that their husbands, accompanied by a constable, had been in search of them, but in vain; that in returning home with some natives, who also assisted in the search, the constable had either accidentally, or by design, killed the principal black of all the tribes in the vicinity. The sawyers appeared dreadfully alarmed, saying that vengeance would certainly be taken; that as they were at the outposts, they would be the first to be speared; and that they must immediately be furnished with fire-arms to protect themselves. To this, however, I did not agree, as I believed my influence over the natives, and the power I possessed to send off the offender, would satisfy them, and preserve the peace.

The two natives who accompanied me stood mute on hearing the news. Their features betrayed no unusual concern, and they said not a word till we took our departure for a station where I had established a farm. After leaving the sawyers I began by saying I was sorry that poor Tong had been killed; that I had liked him and all black fellows much; that I had sent two white fellows off to be hanged, for killing little Tommy of the Myall; and that I would have the constable hanged too. This seemed to satisfy them in some measure, and we at length arrived at the farm. Their cheerfulness, however, had fled, and they sat down by the fire in the hut, sad and pensive, expressing no anxiety to eat, although before they had heard the news they had been longing for their dinner. They spoke not a word except when spoken to. I anxiously watched their motions and appearance, although I had no apprehension of danger from them. In a short time two others, whom I had made constables, came in with sorrowful

countenances; and I began to converse with them about what had happened. When I had done speaking they shook their heads in a sorrowful way, and then went up to the other two natives, and began to converse with them.

On my arrival at the spot where the accident or crime had taken place, I found that as soon as the death of Tong had been made known to his countrymen, they all crowded to the place. They tied a handkerchief over the wounds in his head, which had been shattered to pieces, and then two natives carried him off upon their shoulders, the whole multitude following, and crying and howling most piteously. They were moving on in this way, in the most regular and decent order possible, when the surgeon and my nephew arrived to examine the body. This would not have been permitted to any other white people, as they never allow the bodies of the dead to be seen if they can avoid it. Respect for us, however, induced them to put down the body after a little explanation, but the examination appeared to excite a good deal of uneasiness, and called forth a few wild and plaintive expressions from one of the natives before mentioned, "Bail (not) dat, massa, bail dat, black fellow no like it." The surgeon left them as quickly as possible, not wishing to hurt their prejudices.

Before my return all the natives, except about eight, who had always been employed about my tent, had left the settlement. On expressing to them my surprise that their friends had left us, they replied, "Bail dat, massa, they come back again by and by. They go udder side harbour to get pipe-clay. They cry murry long time—put on pipe-clay—then come back;" and so they did. What became of the body of the deceased no white person knew, for they carefully concealed the place of interment. The oldest man of the tribe made his appearance one day, after a week's absence; and having welcomed him, I inquired why he had staid so long away. He made no answer; but one of my native domestics whispered, "Dat make it house for black fellow dat die;" meaning that he had been preparing and earthing up the grave of the deceased, whose name has never been mentioned since his death. They make their graves where they can, in a soft, sandy, soil, where they dig with their hands to a considerable depth, and as near to the birthplace of the deceased as possible.

After a week's absence they returned

in their canoes from the opposite side of the harbour, a few at a time. The women were plastered over the head, face, and breast, with pipe-clay, and those who were nearly related to the deceased were covered over with it as far as the hip bones. Their appearance was frightful, and represented the extreme of wretchedness and despair. When any of the women met me, particularly the old ones, they held up their hands, shook their heads in token of grief, and appeared to express an affection for me. I consoled with them and I always thought that we parted mutually satisfied with each other. When I inquired after the deceased's wife and son, a boy about eighteen months old, the answer was, that she was gone to the Bungwall Ground, to putter (eat) Bungwall, and to mourn; that she would return one day, but not yet. It is not usual for them soon to return to the place where any near and dear relation has died. Bungwall is fern root, which they roast in the ashes, pound to a paste between two stones, and are very fond of. It appears to be nutritious. On inquiring for the deceased's mother, and younger son, about six years old, I was told she would soon be here, when she would come and see me. A few days ago (this account was written on the spot) I saw a miserable object coming up the hill towards my tent, pipe-clayed all over, resting at intervals, and leaning against the trees, as if too weak to come on. While I was surveying this object at a distance, the little boy came running towards me, exclaiming with all the eagerness and vivacity of a boy—"Mamma come, massa! dere mamma! look massa! you see?"—"Yes, George," said I, "I do see," and I immediately went to her. As soon as she saw me, she held up her hands, with her body bent half forward, and wept till the tears overflowed her white-washed cheeks, in streams of unaffected grief. I did every thing in my power to assuage her sorrow, and gave her a home at the farm.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

SHERIDAN.

Of all orators in the House of Commons, Mr. Sheridan most excelled in exciting merriment, and thus relieving the sombre character of grave and serious debate. He sought to amuse with as much avidity as to convince; he never rose in the

house without producing laughter by some stroke of wit before he sat down; and the audience would have been disappointed in his speech, however eloquent, had he concluded without making the attempt. With all the resources a fruitful genius and brilliant fancy could supply, he did not disdain to resort to even a practical joke to effect this purpose. An instance of this kind occurred in a debate upon the Dog Tax, in which he either had, or made occasion to pass on the floor between Mr. Pitt and the table. Mr. Pitt was sitting in his usual seat on the Treasury-bench, and in his usual attitude, with his head thrown back and his legs projecting, which not being withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan, as he approached, stooped down, with intent as it were to nip them, accompanying the action with the appropriate canine bark of "bow, wow, wow!" sounds well imitated, and loud enough to be heard in every part of the House. This sally, so aptly associated with the subject of debate, had the desired effect. The House was convulsed with laughter.

CHARLES HANNISTER was a bon vivant, and was remarkably fond of blackstrap. A friend said to him one day, "Why, Charles, I never heard you complain of a sore throat?" "How should you, when I am always gargling my throat with red port?"

FRANK NORTH made it a rule, whenever he passed a trunk-maker's, near Charing-cross, whose name was Lot, and who had two daughters (the name attracting his attention,) always to stop and ask him, "Pray, Mr. Lot, how are your two daughters?" "Sir, what have you to do with my two daughters?" when, laughing at him, "Mr. Lot, how is your pillar of salt?"

BLOW YOUR NOSE.

OLD Slaughter's coffee house was my usual resort to read the papers. I once sat near Sir William Chere, who had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown; during this time, Sir William, who was a snuff taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad-humour with the game, the general said, "Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself, 'tis as near you as me!"

Angelo's Reminiscences.

"TAKE that fellow," cried the great Condé, "take that fellow, who is making a noise in the pit, and carry him to prison." "I am not to be taken, please your highness," said the man, as he was running away; "they call me *Lerida*." *Lerida* was the name of a Spanish town, which the Prince Condé had besieged in vain.

THE NATIONAL TIGER.

AFTER the French Revolution, Lord Orford was particularly delighted with the story of the national tiger. A man who showed wild beasts at Paris, had a tiger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called the Royal Tiger; but when royalty, and every thing royal was abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism, and instead of *tigre royal*, put on his signboard *tigre national*.

THE Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard, and they were so poor, that they took the resolution of going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty, that having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance, she was forced to *sell her hair* to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion, and her hair being fine, long, and fair, produced her *twenty pounds*. J.B.

HUMAN OWL.

A YOUTH is at present living at Seville, who loses his sight in the day time, and recovers it at night. His vision is so perfect when his eyes are totally deprived of light, that he can read the smallest print, all around him being involved in obscurity.—*Spanish Papers.*

CHOICE OF A FAULT.

DEAN SWIFT having a shoulder of mutton too much done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But," said the dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes! very easily." "Why, then," said the dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be amended."

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